

## THE LIBERATOR

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

—AT THE—

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, General Agent.

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Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery So-

cieties are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE

LIBERATOR.

The following gentlemen constitute the Financial

Committee, but are not responsible for any of the

contents of the paper, viz:—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELIAS

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and WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 27.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1382.

REFUGEE OF OPPRESSION.

From the Newbury, S. C. Rising Sun.

FRIEND AND FOE.

The sterling Democratic paper, the New York

Day Book, publishes two lists of names to show the

names of persons who among the New York mer-

chants are friends, and who are foes to the South.

We are acquainted with many of the names in the

list, and know them to be properly classed.

Bacon and M. Nason, we understood in 1851, sup-

ported in the New York newspaper. We give the names,

hoping that no Southern dealers would name

a person a friend instead of a foe:—

B. M. E. A. Whitlock, A. H. Beach,

T. W. Byard &amp; Co., C. B. Bates &amp; Co.,

H. Smith &amp; Town-

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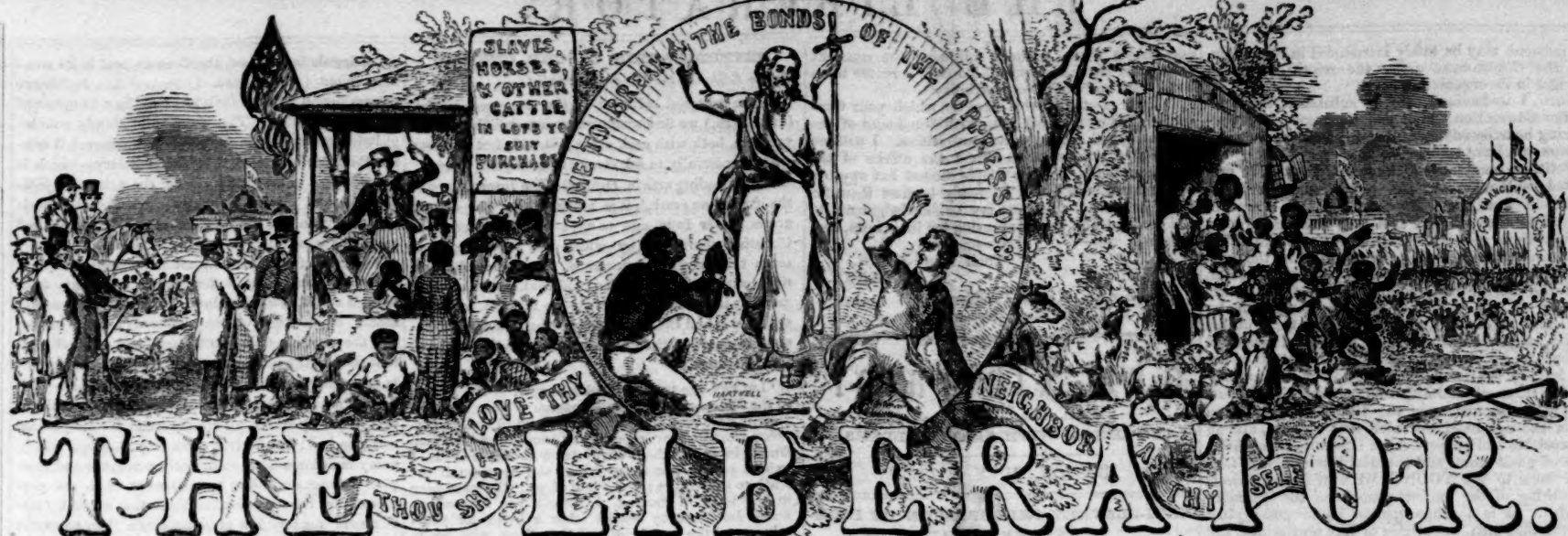
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Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1382.

## SELECTIONS.

## DEPENDENCE OF THE SOUTH UPON THE NORTH.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE SOUTH: HOW TO MEET IT. BY HYNTER ROWAN HELPER, of North Carolina. New York: Burdick Brothers, 8 Spruce Street. 1857.

This is a remarkable work, to have been written by a Southern man, and in some respects more valuable than any other work that has yet appeared on the subject of slavery. It is a complete encyclopedia of facts and statistics, and will be exceedingly useful for reference. Below we make an extract from it:—

## THE FREE AND THE SLAVE STATES.

It is a fact well known to every intelligent Southerner, that we are compelled to go to the North for almost every article of utility and adornment, from matches, shampoos and paintings up to cotton-mills, steamships and statures; that we have no foreign trade, no princely merchants, nor respectable artists; that, in comparison with the free States, we contribute nothing to the literature, polite arts and inventions of the age; that, for want of profitable employment at home, large numbers of our native population find themselves necessitated to emigrate to the West, whilst the free States retain not only the greater proportion of those born within their own limits, but induce, annually, hundreds of thousands of foreigners to settle and remain amongst them. Here, the starting source, the North meets with ready sale, while, at the same time, there is no demand, even among our own citizens, for the productions of Southern industry; that, owing to the absence of a proper system of business amongst us, the North becomes, in one way or another, the proprietor and dispenser of all our daily wants, and that we are dependent on Northern capitalists for the means necessary to build our railroads, canals and other public improvements; that if we want to visit a foreign country, even though it may lay directly south of us, we find no convenient way of getting there, except by taking passage through a Northern port; and that nearly all the profit arising from the exchange of commodities, from insurance and shipping offices, and from the thousand and one industrial pursuits of the country, accrue to the North, and are there invested in the erection of those magnificent cities and stupendous works of art which dazzle the eyes of the South, and attest the superiority of free institutions!

The North is the Mecca of our merchants, and to it they must and do make two pilgrimages per annum—one in the spring and one in the fall. All our commercial, mechanical, manufacturing, and literary supplies come from there. We want Bibles, trunks, buckets and books, and we go to the North; we want pens, ink, paper, wafers and envelopes, and we go to the North; we want shoes, hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas and pocket knives, and we go to the North; we want furniture, crockery, glassware and pianos, and we go to the North; we want toys, primers, school books, fashionable apparel, machinery, medicines, tombstones, and a thousand other things, and we go to the North for them all. Instead of keeping our money in circulation at home, by patronizing our own mechanics, manufacturers, and laborers, we send it all away to the North, where it remains; it never falls into our hands again.

In one way or another we are more or less subservient to the North every day of our lives. In infancy we are swaddled in Northern muslin; in childhood we are humored with Northern gawags; in youth we are seduced by Northern books; at the age of maturity we sow our wild oats on Northern soil; in middle-life we exhaust our wealth, energies and talents in the dishonorable vocation of entailing our dependence on our children and on our children's children, and to the neglect of our own interests and the interests of those around us, in giving aid and comfort to every pretension of Northern power; in the decline of life we remedy our eyesight with Northern spectacles, and support our infirmities with Northern canes; in old age we are drugged with Northern physic; and, finally, when we die, our inanimate bodies, shrouded in Northern shroud, are committed to the earth in Northern graves, and in Northern carriages, entombed with Northern space, and memorialized with a Northern slab!

But it can hardly be necessary to say more in illustration of this unmanly and unnatural dependence, which is so glaring that it cannot fail to be apparent to every candid and unprejudiced observer. All the world sees, or ought to see, that in a commercial, mechanical, manufacturing, financial and literary point of view, we are as helpless as babies; that, in comparison with the free States, our agricultural resources have been greatly exhausted, mismanaged and neglected; that, instead of cultivating among ourselves a wise policy of mutual assistance and co-operation with respect to individuals, and of self-reliance with respect to the South at large, instead of giving countenance and encouragement to the industrial enterprise of our midst, and instead of building up, and aggrandizing and beautifying our own States, cities and towns, we have been spending our substance at the North, and are daily augmenting and strengthening the very power which now has us so completely under its thumb.

It thus appears, in view of the preceding statistical facts and arguments, that the South, at one time the superior of the North in almost all the ennobling pursuits and conditions of life, has fallen far behind her competitor, and now ranks more as the dependency of a mother country than as the equal confederate of free and independent States. Following upon us is to trace out the causes which have conspired to bring about this important change, and to place on record the reasons, as we understand them, why the North has surpassed the South.

And now that we have come to the very heart and soul of our subject, we feel no disposition to mince matters, but mean to speak plainly and to the point, without any equivocation, mental reservation, or secret evasion whatever. The son of a venerated parent, who, while he lived, was a considerable and successful slaveholder, a native of the South, born and bred in North Carolina, of a family whose name has been in the valley of the Yadkin for nearly a century and a half, a Southerner by instinct and by all the influences of thought, habits, and kindred, and with the desire and fixed purpose to reside permanently within the limits of the South, and with the expectation of dying there also—we feel that we have the right to express our opinion, however humble or unimportant it may be, on any and every question that affects the public good; and, so help us God, 'sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,' we are determined to exercise that right with unflinching firmness, and without fear, favor or affection.

And now to the point. In our opinion, an opinion which has been formed from data obtained by assiduous researches, and comparisons, from laborious investigation, logical reasoning, and earnest reflection, the causes which have impeded the progress and prosperity of the South, which have divided our commerce, and other similar pursuits, into the most contemptible insignificance; sunk a large majority of our people in galling poverty and ignorance, rendered a small minority conceited and tyrannical, and driven the rest away from their homes; entailed upon us a humiliating dependency on the free States; disgraced us in the recesses of our own minds, and brought under reproach in the eyes of all civilized and enlightened nations—may all be traced to one common source, and there find solution in the most hateful and horrible word that was ever incorporated into the vocabulary of human economy—Slavery!

Reared amidst the institution of slavery, believing it to be wrong in principle and in practice, and having seen and felt its evil influences upon individuals, communities and States, we deem it a duty, no less than a privilege, to enter our protest against it, and to use our most strenuous efforts to overturn and abolish it! Then we are an Abolitionist? Yes! not merely a freeholder, but an Abolitionist, in the fullest sense of the term. We are not only in favor of keeping slavery out of the territories, but, carrying our opposition to the institution a step further, we here unhesitatingly declare ourselves in favor of its immediate and unconditional abolition, in every State in this confederacy where it now exists! Patriotism makes us a freesoil State pride makes us an emancipationist; a profound sense of duty to the South makes us an Abolitionist; a reasonable degree of fellow feeling for the negro makes us a colonizationist. With the free States men in Kansas and Nebraska, we sympathize with all our heart. We love the whole country, the great family of States and territories, one and inseparable, and would have the word Liberty engraved as an appropriate and truthful motto on the escutcheon of every member of the confederacy. We love freedom, we hate slavery, and rather than give up the one or submit to the other, we will forfeit the pound of flesh nearest our heart. Is this sufficiently explicit and categorical? If not, we hold ourselves in readiness, at all times, to return a prompt reply to any proper question that may be propounded.

Our repugnance to the institution of slavery springs from no one-sided idea, or sickly sentimentality. We have not been hasty in making up our mind on the subject; we have jumped at no conclusions; we have acted with perfect calmness and deliberation; we have carefully considered and examined the reasons for and against the institution, and have also taken into account the probable consequences of our decision. The more we investigate the matter, the deeper becomes the conviction that slavery is no sin. Now and then a heretic in Maryland sets his negroes free, feeling it a sin to hold them in slavery; but he arrives at these conclusions from his natural sense of justice; or, perhaps, from reading the life of Frederick Douglass, and yielding to the silent operations of the Holy Spirit.

There are good men in Virginia, Kentucky, and other Slave States, who, while the pulpit has either been quiet upon the subject, or taught the doctrine that slavery is of Divine origin, have searched the Scriptures and reasoned for themselves; and, in the name of justice and in the fear of God, they have emancipated their slaves, and sent them to Liberia or the free States of this Union. If we had not the watchmen on the walls of Zion sound the alarm, when they see slavery desolating our beautiful Southern States, crushing the intellect, and poisoning the morals of nearly all beneath its influence?

Brethren, I would that you were as strongly anti-slavery as I am, except these bonds. My feelings have been incited to a hundred times the intensity of my position to slavery. Soon after I joined the church, I became leader of a colored class. This brought persecution; and from that day to this, I have been bound in spirit with Christ's down-trodden people. This book will banish me from my relations with the graves of my honored parents, and from my native State. If I were to visit my former places of residence, I might not receive personal violence; but the man who should entertain me would be marked, and would have to suffer on my account; and I would not knowingly be the cause of bringing trouble on my friends. Henceforward I shall be an outcast among strangers, and shall seek a home and a grave among them. Many who once thought of my name with affection will associate it with disgrace. Some will even believe that they will be doing God service to abuse me. Any man who dares to utter a word against slavery is branded by the Southerners as a fanatic. I communicated to a friend my intention of writing against slavery. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'you may prepare yourself to have showers of lies heaped upon you.' Henceforward, by all Christian and lawful means, I expect to urge an uncompromising warfare against the sin of slavery. To those who may per me, I trust I shall be enabled by Divine assistance to pray, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Mr. Long states that when his manuscript was ready for the press, no publisher in Philadelphia would undertake its publication.

## A GRATIFYING TRIBUTE.

Extract of a letter from RICHARD D. WEBB—published in the National Anti-Slavery Standard—dated DUBLIN, May 15, 1857:—

'Some weeks ago, while I was from home, a letter was sent to my address (and was duly acknowledged by me) from a gentleman, who resides at Lentonfield, near Nottingham. It contained, among other good things, a remittance of £5 for THE LIBERATOR, from a Bohemian gentleman, a political exile, residing in that neighborhood, who saw that paper in the house of Frank, fastidious, high-toned and unassuming character, that he volunteered this donation as proof of his regard for the paper and its editor. In case you should have occasion to communicate with Mr. Garrison, which I have not time to do just at present, I wish you would mention to him the circumstances in which this gentleman is placed as a political exile. He wishes to go to France or Germany, but, as an exile, he cannot, I am more to procure a passport from his own government, nor, without a false personation, from any other; so that he is obliged to visit the United States to constitute himself a citizen by length of residence, and then he can obtain a passport which will secure him protection in that capacity.'

## SLAVERY THE GREAT QUESTION.

Extract from a new and highly interesting work, entitled 'PICTURES OF SLAVERY IN CHURCH AND STATE; INCLUDING PERSONAL REMINISCENCES, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, ANECDOTES, ETC., WITH AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING THE VIEWS OF JOHN WESLEY AND RICHARD WATSON ON SLAVERY. BY REV. JOHN DIXON LONG, a Supernumerary Minister of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.'

I consider American slavery to be the great question now before the American people in Church and State. Its importance surpasses that of the political separation from Great Britain, which agitated the minds of our fathers from 1770 to 1776. I believe that it will eventually come in contact with every association, whether literary, scientific, be-

## NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.'

'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke.'

On this subject, our FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWORN BY THE RIGHT, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

J. B. YERRINTON &amp; SON, Printers.

## 'WHITE MALE CITIZENS.'

Chief Justice Taney has said, that the Constitution recognizes none as citizens but 'whites'; and it seems that the Republican Legislature of Ohio, at its recent session, agreed with him. Hear what it said upon that subject:—

## AN ACT

To Organize and Discipline the Militia and Volunteer Militia.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That all able-bodied, white male citizens, resident in this State, being eighteen years of age, and under the age of forty-five years, excepting persons exempt by law, shall be enrolled in the militia, and perform military duty in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution and laws of the United States, as hereafter prescribed.

If, in the opinion of this Republican Legislature, colored men can be citizens of Ohio, why did it require 'white male citizens' alone to do military duty? Why not have said, that all able-bodied male citizens, &c.? If they regard colored men as citizens, why not make a 'bridge of their nose,' by calling them 'whites' also? It has been truly said, 'The Constitution of the United States makes no distinction on account of color, in speaking of military duty. It says:—'A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. Why is not the Republican Legislature of Ohio thus limited? It has been truly said, that it is a 'white man's party,' and almost every day convinces the people more and more of the truth of this remark. After this Act of their Legislature, with what appearance of consistency can the members of that party find fault with the decision of Judge Taney? He said that, under the Constitution, 'colored men are not citizens,' while they say, 'by the laws of Ohio, colored men shall not be citizens.' There is no shade of difference in these things in principle; yet the Republicans have much to say about the oppression, wickedness and error of Taney's decision. It does appear to us that these Republicans would counsel the colored man to be a politician in the face. They are so inconsistent themselves, that it is not strange that they regard every other class of politicians as being dishonest. It is not to be wondered at, that they find great fault with us and our paper, since we keep constantly telling the people of their corruption, and pointing them to evidence of it—as in the case in hand. They pretend to be anti-slavery, yet are doing what they can to unman the colored men of the Free States. Have the pro-slavery Democrats ever done more in Ohio? Never! Why pretend to be what they are not? If they regard the colored man as a human being, why not maintain it?—Political Abolitionists.

## THE STATE OF MAINE AGAINST THE

## OPINION IN THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

The following strong and emphatic Resolutions were passed at the late session of the Legislature of Maine:

Whereas, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the recent case of Dred Scott, over which it expressly declared it had no jurisdiction, has undertaken to pronounce an extra-judicial opinion, prohibiting the people of the United States from any control of the question of slavery within the territories of the United States, either through Congress, or the local government instituted under the authority of Congress, or otherwise;

Whereas, such extra-judicial opinion subordinates the political power and interests of the American people to the caprice and ambition of a few thousand slaveholders, who are thereby enabled to carry on the odious institution of slavery wherever the national power extends, and protect all territory which the United States may hereafter acquire, by purchase or otherwise, to a law of slavery as irrevocable as the organic constitution of the country; and

Whereas, such extra-judicial opinion of a geographical majority of the Supreme Court is conclusive proof of the determination of the slaveholding States to subvert all the principles upon which the American Union was formed, and degrade it into an engine for the extension and perpetuation of the barbarous and detestable system of chattel slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That the extra-judicial opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Dred Scott, is not binding in law or conscience upon the government or citizens of the United States, and that it is of an import so alarming and dangerous, as to demand the instant and emphatic reprobation of the country.

Resolved, That the Supreme Court of the United States should, by peaceful and constitutional means, be so re-constituted as to relieve it from the domination of a sectional faction, and make it a tribunal whose decisions shall be in harmony with the Constitution of the United States and the spirit of our institutions, and at whose hands all classes of persons in the United States, without regard to race or locality, shall receive even and exact justice.

Resolved, That until this extra-judicial opinion of the Supreme Court, establishing slavery in all the Territories of the United States, and placing it beyond the reach of Congress or the people, is reversed and set aside, and until the advance of our nation's flag ceases to be the advance of slavery, it will be the paramount duty of every citizen of this State to resist any further acquisition of territory which may be attempted, under whatever disguise, with the purpose of enlarging the area of an institution which is the scandal of this country and age.

Resolved, That the independent right of each State to determine who shall be admitted to political franchise and citizenship within its own limits, is clear, indisputable, and is to be exercised without question by any State, and that persons admitted to the rights of citizenship by any State are, by the plain letter of the Constitution of the United States, 'entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of that State, and are subject to the same duties, and to the same laws, and to the same jurisdiction, and to the same protection, and to the same rights, and to the same obligations, and to the same responsibilities, and to the same honors, and to the same rewards, and to the same punishments, and to the same honors, and to the same rewards, and to the same punishments, and to the same honors, and to the same rewards, and to the same punishments, and to the same honors, and to the same rewards, and to the same punishments, and to the same honors







For the American Anti-Slavery Society.  
Thos. Whitson, Christiana, Pa., for pledge, 5

Rochester Democrat, by Susan B. Anthony, 5  
Collections at Dutchess Co. Conv's, by S. B. A., 16  
Collections by Mrs. F. H. Drake, for new series of  
Lowell—Mrs. F. C. Knapp, Ignatius Tyler, Rev. G.  
M. Steele, Henry H. Wilder, \$1 each; Mrs. M.  
Eastman, John E. Grant, Mrs. Nancy Abbott,  
E. Brown, J. A. Knowles, Esq., Mary Abbott,  
cents each; two friends, 60 cents; 11 friends, 40  
cents each; 17 cents. A friend, 25 cents.  
Concord—Mrs. R. W. Emerson, Mrs. Ozias Morse,  
each; Charles Bowers, Mrs. Warren, 25 cents each;  
John Flint, 23 cents; Mrs. Hoar, 50 cents; Mrs.  
Sarah Richardson, .05; two friends, 44 cents.  
South Attleboro—Joseph Wilde, 25 cents; N. Knight,  
17 cents. A friend, 25 cents.  
Leominster—Ellen M. Joselyn, Willie Joselyn,  
cents each.  
Friend in Boston, for Tracts,  
Benj. Chase, Auburn, N. H., do.,  
FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

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LIFE ILLUSTRATED: a First-Class Picture  
Family Paper, devoted to News, Literature, Science  
the Arts; to entertainment, Improvement, and In-  
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at \$2 a year. \$1 for half a year.

New Volumes of the following begin with  
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Hydrotherapy, its Philosophy and Practice; Physi-  
cal, Anatomy, and the laws of Life and Health. Il-  
lustrated, monthly. \$1 a year.

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practical instruction to Learners, with directions  
the cultivation and improvement of Mankind. Il-  
lustrated. \$1 a year.

For THREE DOLLARS, all three Journals will be  
a year. Address  
POWELL AND WELLS,  
508 Broadway, New York.

The undersigned wishes to find temporary  
permanent homes for two colored boys, aged 11  
8,—in the country, if possible. As they were en-  
captured by their master in Kentucky on condition  
proper and well taken of them in a free State  
it may be regarded as an anti-slavery duty to pro-  
for them. They are active and intelligent boys,  
would do well under judicious management.

T. W. HIGGINSON  
Worcester, June 21, 1857.

NOTICE.

An able-bodied man wants a situation on a farm.  
A young man desires the employment of driving  
team, in or out of the city. Apply to WM. C. NEL-  
21 Cornhill.

WANTED—In order to complete four sets of  
series of Annual Reports of the Massachusetts Anti-  
Slavery Society for permanent preservation in for-  
the largest and most valuable public libraries in Mas-  
sachusetts, the following numbers are wanted, of  
which an appeal is now made to the liberality of in-  
dividual owners. Any person, having one or more  
these numbers to spare, will be using them wisely,  
for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery movement in this  
country, by giving them for the benefit of the as-  
signed object. They may be sent to the care of  
SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 21 Cornhill, Boston:

First Annual Report, (1853.) Second, (1854.)  
Fourth, (1855.) Fifth, (1857.) Sixth, (1858.)  
eighth, (1859.) Tenth, (1864.) Thirteenth, (1868.)

NEW IPSWICH, N. H.—PARKER PIERCE  
will attend meetings in New Ipswich, N. H., on  
Sunday next, July 4th, at half-past 10 and half-past  
o'clock. The public, without distinction, are invited.

SOUTHBORO'.—ANDREW T. FOSS, an Agent  
of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will speak  
in Southboro' on Sunday next, July 5th, at 10 o'clock,  
the hours of meeting. The meeting will be held at  
house of Daniel S. Whitney, and (if the day be plau-  
sible) in the open air near the house.

TO MERCHANTS AND LAWYERS.

A SKILLFUL accountant, experienced as a cer-  
tified and engrosser, requests employment, either  
permanently or partially. Can give good references.  
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Palmer's Artificial Leg.

REMOVAL OF THE SPRINGFIELD ESTABLISHMENT TO BOSTON.

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and we have thirty individuals each walking up-  
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o'clock, the patient is enabled to detect Art from Nature.  
'Palmer Leg' took the 'Great Prize Medal' at  
'World's Fair in London, over thirty competitors  
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as the 'Palmer Leg' is regarded as the *re-  
markable* of Surgical Mechanism. They are *very durable*,  
*light*, the average weight being four pounds. They  
are applied to the *shortest and tenderest stump* of  
either in Europe or America, and is the only one  
in this country. It has been exhibited thirty-five times  
and in every instance, received the award of the *Best or first premium!* The patient is enabled to  
immediately upon its application, with *remarkable*  
comfort and *entirely natural*.

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and the British Provinces, 19 Green street, Bos-  
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copy of each can accompany the Representative Women  
at the reduced price of \$3 for one set.

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NELL, 21 Cornhill, or of C. H. BRAINERD,  
Washington street.

May 22. tf

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PUBLISHERS.



## POETRY.

From Dwight's Journal of Music, June 8.  
THE FIFTH BIRTH-DAY OF AGASSIZ,  
THE NATURALIST—May 28, 1857.

[The following lines (as we will hardly need to be told) are by Longfellow, and were read among friends at a birth-day dinner, which they will long keep in fond remembrance.]

It was fifty years ago,

In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"To regions yet untrod,  
And read what is still unrecorded  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
And his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!"

[To this we may add one of the more impromptu inspirations of the hour, by James Russell Lowell.]

A health to him who reached to-day  
Life's height of water-shedding,  
Where Hope and Memory kiss and say:  
"Let's keep our golden wedding;

To him whose glow the heart could reach  
Of glimmers that he studied,  
Who learned whatever fish could teach,  
Except to be cold-blooded!

To him who, if our earth were lost,  
And Nature wanted counsel,  
Could make it over at less cost  
From ridgepole down to ground-sill:

Could call the Dodo back to youth,  
Could call Ornithorynchus;  
Nay, were we gone, from just a tooth  
Could good as new re-ink us!

To him who every egg has scanned,  
From Roe to fish included,  
Save those which savants find so grand  
In nests where mares have brooded!

To him who gives us each full leave  
(His pedigree amended)  
To choose a private Adam and Eve  
From whom to be descended!

But stay—for chance-come thoughts are best—  
I meant the health to proffer  
Of him, our friend there and our guest,  
And yet not that I offer:

No, rather drink this toast with me,  
Worth any common doze:  
Here's Adam and Eve Agassiz,  
To whom we owe our cousin!

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR MONEY.  
Life is full of health and glee,  
Work, work as busy as a bee;  
And take this gentle hint from me—  
Be careful of your money!

You'll find it true when friends are few,  
When you are short of money.  
The single grain cast in the mould  
May spring, and give a hundred fold;  
More precious than its weight in gold!  
Be careful of your money!

The grain you sow to stacks may grow:  
Be careful of your money!  
But do not shut sweet Mercy's door,  
When sorrow pleads for work and toil;  
To help to heal misfortune's sores,  
Be careful of your money!

To help the poor who seek your door,  
Be careful of your money.  
Would you escape the beggar's lot,  
The death-bed of the tipping stool,  
And live in sweet contentment's cot,  
Be careful of your money!

And if you need a friend indeed,  
Be careful of your money!

HOLD UP THY HEAD.  
Hold up thy head! Thou must not tread  
Thy path of life with downcast vision;  
But meet the gale, and never quail—  
Face it with stern decision.

Hold up thy head! Thou wert not made  
To tremble at an inflated trouble;  
Whate'er may thwart, a valiant heart  
Will make thy armor double.

Hold up thy head, if thou wilt shed  
An influence round thee bright and cheerful;  
The man who leads to glorious deeds  
Can ne'er himself be fearful.

Hold up thy head, if thou wilt spread  
Thy standard on the heights of glory—  
If thou wilt climb the mount of time,  
And scale its summits hoary.

Hold up thy head! Ay, never dread  
The task thy God to thee hath given;  
Hold up thy head! and firmly tread  
The rugged road to heaven!

LINES.  
As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence, draw nigh,  
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,  
When friends are long away,  
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see  
With the pure spirit's sight,  
But near, and in the very hearts  
Of those who see aright.

C. D. STUART.

OLD TIMES.  
I wandered by the old house,  
But others now live there;  
I thought about the old times,  
And all we used to share.

How happy 'twas our wont to meet,  
When friends came frank and free;  
Ah! when shall we such faces greet  
As once we used to see?

In those old merry evenings—  
Those pleasant, friendly evenings,  
Beneath the old roof-tree?

## The Liberator.

SLAVE-HUNTING IN CINCINNATI—THE  
FUGITIVE AND GEO. WASHINGTON.

STEAMER MAY QUEEN,  
Lake Erie, June 15, 1857.

DEAR GARRISON:

It is midnight. I am gliding over the waters of Erie—now calm as a slumbering infant's soul, but which a mere puff from the north-west may instantly awake to a terrible activity and rage. Darkness rests on the bosom of the lake—so deep, so still, so voiceless, yet so eloquent! I am on my way to Detroit—that city so beautiful in location, but, like all western cities, and eastern too, so deformed by the presence of souls whose only aim in life is sudden wealth.

I cannot sleep; I am just from the vicinity of that tragedy, so recently enacted in Cincinnati between the United States Marshal (Elliott) and the hunted fugitive from American slavery. Before me is a detailed account of the whole transaction, which you will have seen before this reaches you.

A man and his wife escaped from Kentucky to Cincinnati, intending to proceed to Canada. They were pursued, and overtaken in Cincinnati. Elliott, and several others as deputy marshals, accompanied the slave-hunter as assistant kidnappers, acting under the authority of the United States, and attempted to arrest the husband and wife, and drag them back to the auction-blocks, the whips and harnes of their Southern allies. The fugitive was armed with a long dirk-knife, and in defence of his wife against the kidnappers, he stabbed Marshal Elliott, and was himself shot by the slave-hunter or one of the marshals. Up to this time, the marshal is not dead, nor the slave; but it is expected that both will die. This affair has caused great excitement and much discussion all over the State, among all parties in Church and State—many approving the conduct of the fugitive—many condemning, but more fearing to express an opinion, lest they shall commit themselves to an unpopular side, or injure their party, and their prospects and hopes in their party. We have been holding an exciting discussion over this matter; and it is appalling to witness the utter want of respect for their own avowed principles, whether in religion or politics, of the people and their leaders.

Dear Garrison, what do you think? So far as the objects are concerned at which the parties aimed in stabbing and shooting, every feeling of my heart is with the slave, and against the marshal. In stabbing, the fugitive struck for liberty to himself and wife, and to all mankind—in shooting the fugitive, the marshal fought for slavery to the fugitives, and to all human kind. To defend his wife against the brutal lusts of slaveholders and their allies, to save her from prostitution and a doom worse than death, the fugitive stabbed the marshal; to seize her and consign her to prostitution, and to victimize her to his own brutal passions, and to the passions of his associates, the marshal shot the fugitive. None but the utterly depraved can sympathize with the marshal and his kidnappers. The pure and noble must sympathize with the fugitives.

And why should not this nation, in Church and State, sympathize not only with the object at which the fugitive aimed, but also with the means which he used to obtain it? Ninety-nine in a hundred of all the priests and politicians, the Christians and non-Christians of this nation, believe it their right and duty to stab kidnappers and slave-catchers in defence of their wives and children; and should a marshal, a sheriff, a governor, a president, or any one else, enter their dwellings to drag their wives and daughters to prostitution and pollution, and to the nameless horrors of slavery—heedless of all laws, constitutions, Unions, they would stab the wretch to the heart as they would a wolf, and deem it no more sin. Yes, they would claim to be, and would be counted, saints and heroes, for so doing.

But here, in the face of God and man, and with a nation of 24,000,000, bound together against him, making one great kidnapper and pirate, one poor, outraged, despised man stands up, and boldly strikes his knife to the heart of a kidnapper who would reduce him to slavery, and his wife to prostitution; and these very men, who think it their right and duty to do the same thing in like circumstances, affect great horror at the deed. The white man may defend his wife and daughters from kidnappers and slave-breeds, but the negro must not dare to defend his, especially when the kidnapper and ruffian is a white man. He must yield them all up to the white man's lust—to breed slaves for him and his sons. Oh! I do rejoice—I can't help it—God only knows how my soul exults when I see the slave practically assuming the same rights the masters and their allies claim for themselves; and when I see them standing up in defence of those rights, even if they use the murderous means their masters use, I do rejoice. My sympathies are with the slave—I cannot help it—in his object, not in his means.

Not one particle of sympathy do I feel with violence and blood in defence or as a penalty—no matter who uses them. I know that life and liberty never can be defended by deadly weapons—the only means of danger to them; and the Christ and Christianity of this nation and of Christendom myself abhors as murdering monsters; and I can only say to them, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me." Yet this is certain: it was just as right and noble for that slave to stab that marshal as it was for Washington to hang Andre; just as honorable and glorious for that poor, lone fugitive to stab that kidnapping marshal as it was for Washington to kill the British on the fields of Monmouth or Yorktown; and if Washington deserves a monument in the national capital for his deeds, that fugitive demands, at the hands of every friend of man, a taller monument, and of purer marble. Edward Everett can eulogize Washington for killing the British. When will he eulogize the fugitive for stabbing the kidnapping marshal, Elliott, in defence of his wife, and to save himself from slavery?

Nature and Nature's God forbid stabbing and shooting for any cause; but if ever a human being was or can be justified in killing his fellow, that fugitive slave was justified in stabbing that marshal; and any fugitive would be justified in stabbing or shooting any marshal, judge or president who should attempt to kidnap him, or his wife or children. I am sure that deadly weapons can never secure our rights; but, if it was right for Washington to arm against the British, or for the Free State men to arm against the Border Ruffians, it is far more right, noble and god-like for the fugitive slave to arm himself to shoot and stab the kidnapping marshals, judges and presidents of the United States; for no Border Ruffians were ever so mean, so sneaking, so malignant and satanic as are our Elliotts, our Kanes, our Lorings, our Taneyes, our Pierces, and our Buchanan—(the licensed kidnappers and slave-hunters of this Christian (?) and civilized (?) nation).

Kill the slaveholders—save the man! Can this be done? What else has Anti-Slavery sought to do, but to "kill, slay and destroy" the slaveholders, as such, and to save the man? Can we save the man, unless we do kill the slaveholder? The slaveholder, as such, must die—must be annihilated. He has no rights. The slaveholder, as such, has no right to see the sun—to drink, to eat, to sleep, to breathe—no right to live. God is against him, man is against him, heaven and earth are against him to kill him and blot him from existence. Ho! all ye spirits in and out of the body, come to the great battle of humanity against the slaveholder, the slave-hunter and kidnapper! Let him be annihilated, and his name blotted out!

But, can we kill the slaveholder, and not the man? We cannot kill the slaveholder by killing the man; and we cannot save the man by killing the slaveholder.

C. D. STUART.

OLD TIMES.  
I wandered by the old house,  
But others now live there;  
I thought about the old times,  
And all we used to share.

How happy 'twas our wont to meet,  
When friends came frank and free;  
Ah! when shall we such faces greet  
As once we used to see?

In those old merry evenings—  
Those pleasant, friendly evenings,  
Beneath the old roof-tree?

for man-killing is the corner-stone of slavery. Man has rights—the slaveholder has none. You cannot stab nor shoot the slaveholder; you can shoot and stab men; but for every man stabbed or shot, many slaveholders will spring up. Slaveholders must be killed, not with bullets and dirks, but with the keener and more effective weapon of truth. One thing is certain: the Union, in its marshal, stabbed for slavery—the poor slave shot for liberty. Why do not H. W. Beecher and G. B. Cheever come out and preach up dirks and pistols as the most efficient gospel for fugitives? They must, or say they are no gospel salvation to any body.

Yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

P. S. 5 o'clock, Tuesday morning. On the promenade deck of the May Queen—just entering Detroit River, some eighteen miles below Detroit. The sun is just rising over the green forests of Canada West, on our right. The deep woods on both sides look very fine. I arose and came out of my state-room, (in which I had not slept much, for thinking, thinking, and feeling, feeling, kept going on all night,) at 4 o'clock. The dawning day was beautiful to look upon. God spoke to my heart in its splendor, and angels ascended and descended on its beams. Soon the passengers began to come out, yawning most stupidly, interestingly and most inhumanly beautiful and attractive. Some 150 sleepers suddenly aroused from sleep, and hurrying out to see and meet—they know not what—it is a sight to gaze upon, be assured. They are now all around me, beginning to look bright, and as if life was not quite gone.

MALDEN! Fort Malden is on our right, on the Canada side. We are passing it, near by. A pretty spot. Some soldiers have to keep it, but they are located on the government lands around the fort, and living by ploughing, planting, and hoeing corn, rather than shooting and stabbing men. What associations crowd upon me as I look upon Malden, and think of the scenes enacted there in 1812, '13 and '14—Americans, Englishmen and Indians—savages and Christians, butchering one another. That brave, noble, and terrible—in fact, the only noble warrior engaged in that war. He literally fought for his country and his God.

The lake has been rough during the night, but the waters of this river are now so smooth as a mirror. Our steamer holds on her way proudly, exulting in her beauty and her strength. On her right are Victoria and Liberty—on her left, Buchanan and Slavery; on our right are *Royalty* and a refuge for the oppressed; on our left, *Republicanism* and whips, chains and fetters, and a refuge for the oppressor. How beautiful is Canada to the flying, panting fugitive!

Detroit looms up in the distance—a beautiful city; and opposite the river, almost one mile, is Windsor, in Canada, also a beautiful town. The bluff on the Canada side is very fine, though not high.

Well, it is hard to keep calm as one contemplates the lying, the hypocrisy, the meanness of this kidnapping, baby-stealing, woman-whipping, slave-catching nation. Oh! Michigan, Michigan! Rise in your strength, and drive back the kidnapper, wherever he may be, and never let his footsteps pollute your beautiful soil again. I try to turn my thoughts on the beautiful river and scenery around me, and I do feel that God is love; God is beauty; God is strength; but, the shrieks of the slave rise up with every song of birds and forests in America—and the hunted fugitive from slavery is in every place surrounded with kidnappers. But God lives—Humanity lives—and slaveholders, as such, must die. Thank God!

H. C. W.

JUSTICE TO THE INDIANS.  
UNION GROVE, MINNESOTA TERRITORY,  
June 10, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:

In THE LIBERATOR of May 8, I notice a communication from Lewis Ford, giving an account of the recent Indian excitement in this Territory. Justice to the Indian, and a desire that people abroad should get no false impression in regard to it, prompt me to write a few lines on the subject. I have no doubt that Mr. Ford stated what he, as well as many others, believed to be the truth, though I think it would be well for every one to await the confirmation of such reports before circulating them abroad, where they can do no good, whether true or false, and often excite the fears of those who have friends in this vicinity. More recent accounts have proved that there was no cause for alarm. I have my information from an old reliable friend, who has been spending the winter at St. Peter, and was one of the volunteers from that place. The excitement first arose from the massacre of a few white persons at Spirit Lake by a small band of outlaw Indians, while under the influence of whiskey. A few days later, some white men near Mankato fired upon a small party of Indians who were engaged in making sugar. The Indians returned the fire, and fled. None were killed, though it was supposed one was wounded in the arm.

The people of Mankato expected the Indians would attempt to retaliate with a strong force, and despatches were sent to other towns, calling upon the people to assist in their defence. The alarm spread rapidly; the newspapers, with one or two exceptions, published the rumors without waiting to ascertain their truth, and the excitement soon became general. Troops from fort Sisseton were called for, but none reached the scene of action; whether any left for that purpose, I cannot say. But the whole force that left St. Peter, instead of three companies of fifty men each, as Mr. Hezlep, editor of a St. Peter's journal, was pleased to make it appear to the people of Fairbault, consisted of only one company of some forty-five men, (as my informant told me.) After cruising about the country for five days, where it was supposed the Indians were making preparations for an attack, without seeing or even hearing of one, about three-fourths of the company, thinking there were no laurels to be won in that quarter, resolved to return. They were strongly opposed by the commander, who is one of the St. Peter town proprietors, (and the same valorous Captain Dodd who attempted to carry a member of the Legislature from St. Paul, last winter, by brute strength, because he had evinced a determination to vote against the removal of the capital to St. Peter;) but they disregarded his assumed authority, and left him with a few men, to acquire what glory they might. Thus ended the expedition which has been represented as attended with so much bloodshed. What object Mr. Hezlep and others had for circulating the report they did, is best known to themselves. These who have been in the Territory long enough to become acquainted with the schemes of town-proprietors, and with all the underhand means resorted to by them to bring their towns into notice, will suspect them of some sinister motive.

The Indians are generally peaceable, except when under the influence of whiskey, though annoying to the frontier settlers by their frequent visits and demands for provision. This has been particularly the case the past winter, as the snow has been unusually deep, which prevented their hunting. The government is greatly to blame in the matter, as they failed last year to fulfil the treaty which required them to break and plant a certain amount of land for the Indians.

Truly yours, LYMAN ALLEN.

Health of Charles Sumner.—The Transcript says that the reports of Mr. Sumner's health received by the Persia, are not so favorable as his friends could wish. His chief difficulty appears to be in his spine, as he is easily fatigued by walking and after having been seated any considerable length of time, he moves about when rising, like a veteran of eighty years. He is now visiting the rural districts of France. His mind is very active, and his spirits quite cheerful.

May this search for entire restoration to health, on the part of Mr. Sumner, be crowned with success.

## COLORED AMERICANS IN CALIFORNIA.

FRIEND GARRISON:

The infamous attempt to prevent the emigration of colored persons into California was defeated in the Legislature, by a vote of 32 to 30—mainly through the exertions of Hon. G. A. HALL, in grateful recognition of which, the colored citizens of the various localities have united in the presentation of an appropriate testimonial.

But, as will be seen by the following protest from an enterprising business firm, colored citizens in California are daily victims of TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

Boston, June, 1857. W. C. N.

## THE POLL-TAX VS. COLORED MEN.

During a residence of seven years in California, we, with hundreds of other colored men, have cheerfully paid city, State and county taxes on real estate and merchandise, as well as licenses to carry on business, and have borne other species of tax that has been levied from time to time for the support of the government, save only the "poll-tax"—that we have persistently refused. On the day before yesterday, the Tax Collector called on us, and seized and lugged off twenty or thirty dollars' worth of goods, in payment, as he said, of our poll-tax.

Now, while we cannot understand how a 'white' man can refuse to pay such and every tax for the support of government, under which he enjoys every privilege—from the right to rob a negro up to that of being Governor of the State—we can perceive and feel the flagrant injustice of compelling a colored man to pay a special tax for the enjoyment of a special privilege, and then break their heads if they attempt to exercise it. We believe that every voter should pay poll-tax, or every male resident who has the privilege of becoming a voter; but regard it as low and despicable, the very quintessence of meanness, to compel colored men to pay it, situated as they are politically.

However, we are not here to discuss the poll-tax, the great State of California may come around annually, and rob us of twenty or thirty dollars' worth of goods, as we will never willingly pay three dollars as poll-tax as long as we remain disfranchised, oath-denied, outlawed colored Americans.

LESTER & GIBBS,  
184 Clay street.

## COLORED CONVENTION.

A Convention of delegates appointed by the colored residents of the several Assembly districts of California pursuant to a call of the Executive Committee of the State, has been recently held, the object of which was, as last year, to deliberate on the adoption of measures to procure the admission of the testimony of colored persons in the Courts of this State, and to take such action as might tend otherwise to improve their moral and intellectual condition. Several impartial newspapers complimented the delegates and their deliberations; but the following sketch, from a prominent member, is interesting and instructive:

The recent 'Convention of Colored Men,' in Sacramento, was a glorious refutation of the many charges we have been called upon so often to rebut. There was gathered physical, moral, and intellectual excellence in that Convention, such as is seldom witnessed in conventions representing all classes of the people. To realize the truth and force of this assertion, it is necessary to consider that the colored people of California represent necessarily more of the enterprise and intelligence of the class of which they form a part, than any other class of people. That portion of our people, as a general thing, who are intelligent and enterprising, are gifted with a spirit of enterprise in the Atlantic States, are generally the best off pecuniarily, which we could demonstrate with mathematical nicety if the fact was not self-evident. The temptation to emigrate is less strong with this class than with those whose intelligence and enterprise prompt them to seek their chance of industry and success in the land of intolerance of prejudice and proscription. This is the class of which the colored population of California are mainly composed. We indulge in no extravagance when we say, that in regard to general intelligence, uprightness and thriftiness, 'Our Convention' was unequalled by any ever held by our people anywhere. Sixteen counties were represented by sixty delegates, principally from the North. Our people love the North. The North Star points the way to liberty. The panting fugitive kept his eye fixed upon it, and for rivers; inspired by its twinkling rays, he grapples with the blood-bound, and baries the knife to the hilt in his career.

The delegates were chiefly young men, the majority of whom were miners, of stalwart frames—men of labor and men of thought. Many were mechanics possessing good real estate; at least twenty have been assessed from five to thirty thousand dollars each. It is a singular fact, that the colored people in their own persons wealth to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars, and of their constituents not less than four millions of dollars. Six were graduates of colleges, ten were liberally educated in the English branches, and all could read and write, and had some idea of parliamentary forms. The President, by his firmness blended with courtesy, the quickness of his perception, the justice of his decisions, the dignity and urbanity of his demeanor, has won for himself an enviable position among our people. The minutes of the Secretary challenge the admiration of all—their accuracy and elaborateness were the subject of common remark. The ordinary printing of one of our newspapers, reporters, &c., went to the scene of operations in a procession, escorted by a corps of dragoons and several companies of infantry. A large number of express wagons and other vehicles, filled with men, women and children, joined in the procession. Arrived at the place of execution, the military formed around the gallows to keep off the crowd, and everything was ready to have been conducted after the manner of any great public spectacle. The prisoner, from the moment he left the jail until he reached the gallows, was engaged in prayer, and went almost constantly. His last words were, "Oh! Lord God, save and receive me." Judging from the report in the Chicago Tribune, and from the special pains were taken to give *clat* to the occasion.

AN EXECUTION AT CHICAGO. On Friday last, William Jackson was executed at Chicago, for the murder of Roman Morris, in the presence of five or six thousand people, many of them women and children. The gallows was erected in the middle of a public street, and the prisoner, with the sheriff, attending clergyman, newspaper reporters, &c., went to the scene of operations in a procession, escorted by a corps of dragoons and several companies of infantry. A large number of express wagons and other vehicles, filled with men, women and children, joined in the procession. Arrived at the place of execution, the military formed around the gallows to keep off the crowd, and everything was ready to have been conducted after the manner of any great public spectacle. The prisoner, from the moment he left the jail until he reached the gallows, was engaged in prayer, and went almost constantly. His last words were, "Oh! Lord God, save and receive me." Judging from the report in the Chicago Tribune, and from the special pains were taken to give *clat* to the occasion.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT AT CAMPDEN HOUSE.—We spent a pleasant evening on Wednesday at the gorgeously-decorated mansion of Mr. Frederick Wolley. Two colored natives of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Webb, (the latter of whom is known by her effective readings of "Uncle Tom's") gave a new dramatic entertainment in the "Dude of the South Sea," an artist, is supposed to be in discussion with his wife as to the best means of "raising the wind." The husband takes photographic portraits; and the wife proposes to get up "an entertainment." Mrs. Linwood's capacity is doubted, and in order to remove these doubts, she appears to her husband in the guise of a character, a Mr. Timmer, the Pretre, Othello, Rollo, an American aunt, a Frenchman, Chinese, &c., all of which were sustained with much cleverness. But the real success was 'an Indian woman'—an impersonation of mingled tenderness and humor, quite original in its tone. Mrs. Webb has some dramatic talent; and if she carries out her intention of appearing on the stage, provided suitable parts are found for her, will prove no doubt a welcome attraction. She was well supported by her husband, who would, however, succeed better in wilder parts, and has more earnestness than humor. The entertainment was decidedly successful, and was loudly applauded by a very select audience. We noticed, among other things, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duchess of Argyll, Lord and Lady Harcourt, Lady Beecher, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, now on her way from Italy and France, where she has spent the spring, was also among the company.—London Leader, May 31.

DRAMATIC READINGS OF MRS. WEBB. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, this already celebrated lady gave entertainments at the Assembly Rooms of an unusual and highly pleasing character. The company on both occasions was select, and yet, for Bedford, rather numerous than otherwise. We pride ourselves, hereabouts, on our indisputable right to question all public verdicts, and as far as possible, to reverse them. And as Mrs. Webb has the reputation of a general favorite on both sides of the Atlantic, we felt it to be our duty to give her a fair trial, and to let the public know that the very fair audience assembled in Bedford afforded a graceful confirmation of the prevailing favorable opinion. \* \* \* We trust this talented lady will meet with at least a moiety of that success which her own genius and industry deserve; and if our wish be fulfilled, the daughter of the slave will be recognized by white nations as herself a sufficient pledge for the intellectual and moral value of the race she represents, when its day of freedom begins.—Bedford (Eng.) Mercury.

MAINE. Gov. Lot M. Morrill, of Augusta, has again received the Republican nomination for Governor of Maine, having 485 votes to 16 scattering. His re-election may be considered a "fixed fact."

## AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

Ever since the first fratricide, the language of wrong-doers toward those making inquisition for the wrong has been, in spirit, like the caption of this article. A statesman may resent intermeddling with the internal affairs of his government, but a philosopher, a philanthropist, or a Christian, will gladly welcome aid from any quarter, in alleviating the condition and promoting the welfare of any portion of the race. We were struck with the language and spirit of Dr. Baird's remarks, last Thursday evening, in condemning the course of George Thompson, the British philanthropist and statesman, who, at the invitation of friends in this country, visited the United States, and lectured in various cities on the subject of slavery. Dr. Baird recited with great gusto his philippic against Mr. Thompson, in a discussion with an Englishman, at Paris, in which he distinctly asserted that our slavery was none of their business, and that he did not want foreigners to lecture us on their own to look after, without meddling with our slavery—and that we wanted none of their interference. And bristling up with the spirit of Young America, he told the Englishman if we had another war with them, we would not leave a grown-up man in the land, but power on this continent, but would wipe it off the map of America.

We were glad to find that the Doctor's remarks met with no response, but were received with chilling coldness. His Union-saving remarks were not adapted to this latitude. The Doctor belongs to the class of clergymen who, colored and white, have been in the habit of forming a Union-Save State in 1850, who encouraged the mob against George Thompson, and the Abolitionists in 1855-6, and who, had he lived in Christ's time, would have blamed the Saviour for pursuing such a course as to provoke the Jews to crucify him. The Doctor seems hardly aware that the world has moved during the past few years.

But look at the consistency of Dr. Baird. As agent of a temperance organization, he visited Europe to aid in overthrowing the intemperance, and changing the drinking customs of those countries. He was for interfering with the domestic and governmental concerns of Europe—for drinking and the license system are there interwoven with the government—as much as Mr. Thompson was for interfering with slavery in this country. Nor is this all. Dr. Baird is associated with others in missionary operations, the design of which is to overturn the religion and governments of the heathen world.—And yet this is the man who bristles up in his right-wing indignation, and protests against an Englishman's saying a word against our slavery, which is a shame and a disgrace to us as a nation! Mr. Thompson proposed no interference except moral interference, and to use no means for the removal of slavery except such as were guaranteed to him by the Constitution and laws of this country. And he was far more justifiable in preaching against intemperance in England, for the chains of the drunkard are self-imposed, and may be put off at the will of the victim, but the chains of the slave are involuntary, and imposed by the hands of oppressors, and by the very men to whom Dr. Baird gives the right hand of Christian fellowship. We do not like to have these things. But when Dr. Baird, or any other man, travels out of the record to utter such anti-Christian sentiments, we shall follow him. Let the Doctor stick to Europe, which is just fust and servile enough to be a delightful study to him, and about which he appears to be quite well informed. But when he ignores the manhood of four millions of slaves, as he did when he declared that every man in the United States could have the Bible, or denounces the Abolitionists, or saves the Union a fugitive Slave Act preachers and Doctors of Divinity, he is worse than wasting his breath in a community where nigger-catching is at a discount, and where nigger-keeping is understood to be only a pretext and an argument, for new concessions to the exacting and aggressive spirit of slavery.—Milwaukee Democrat.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA. A correspondent of the Oshville (Ga.) Standard says there is now living in Murray county, Ga., on the waters of Holy Creek, a revolutionary veteran who has attained the age of one hundred and eighty years. His name is John Hames. He is known throughout the region in which he lives by the appellation 'Grandfather Hames.' A grandfader he truly is. As I was on my way to visit this relic of the expired century, I inquired of an oldish gentleman of about sixty, if he knew him. "Oh yes, I know him," he replied, "he is my grandfather." John Hames was born in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, and was a lad ten years old when Washington was in his cradle. He was thirty-two when Braddock met his disastrous defeat. He, with several of his neighbors, set forth to join the ill-fated commander, but after several days' march were turned back by the British, and he was thrown. He migrated to South Carolina nearly a hundred years ago. He was in thirteen considerable conflicts during the war of Independence, and in skirmishes and encounters with the Indians, Tories, and with the British, times beyond memory. He was with Gates at Camden, Morgan at Cowpens, and with Marion in many a bold rush into a tory camp or red-coat quarters.

AN EXECUTION AT CHICAGO. On Friday last, William Jackson was executed at Chicago, for the murder of Roman Morris, in the presence of five or six thousand people, many of them women and children. The gallows was erected in the middle of a public street, and the prisoner, with the sheriff, attending clergyman, newspaper reporters, &c., went to the scene of operations in a procession, escorted by a corps of dragoons and several companies of infantry. A large number of express wagons and other vehicles, filled with men, women and children, joined in the procession. Arrived at the place of execution, the military formed around the gallows to keep off the crowd, and everything was ready to have been conducted after the manner of any great public spectacle. The prisoner, from the moment he left the jail until he reached the gallows, was engaged in prayer, and went almost constantly. His last words were, "Oh! Lord God, save and receive me." Judging from the report in the Chicago Tribune, and from the special pains were taken to give *clat* to the occasion.

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